

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

Vol. 4, No. 5, Oct., 1944 Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

New York, N. Y., 5 Cents

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

BY EDDIE DOHERTY

A SILVER fish leaps from the still blue water, the arc of his passage shaking a million diamonds in the sunlight. He splashes back into the lake, and ripples widen around his gay adventure into our world, and dance.

Far away a lonesome crow is calling. Distance makes music of his raucous voice. In the trees all about our log cabin birds trill and chirp, and now and then one lets us see a flash of gaudy colors.

The heavy scent of pines freights every errant breeze—and pine cones burning in our fireplace fill the house with fragrance. It is chill, here in the forests of Northern Wisconsin, and the fire is more than a thing of beauty.

Outside our windows little striped chipmunks chase each other across the soft brown carpet of pine needles and last year's leaves. And a squirrel berates us angrily from his lofty perch.

THIS vacation land is blessed with beauty and wonder; yet it was not in the woods, nor on the lake, nor in the fields where we sometimes sit and soak in the sun, that we experienced the greatest thrill of beauty.

It was in a little church in Minocqua, about 12 miles or so from our cabin, where we went to Mass on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady—St. Patrick's, lovingly and tastefully decorated by its German pastor.

The church was packed that Tuesday morning, but there was only one man whom we remember

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## Talking To Martin

By JAMES E. BULGER

SOME spiritual writers view requests for temporal favors, with not to put too fine a point on the matter, let us say, a fishy eye. Their object is laudable; to induce us to forget self in prayer, particularly our temporal wants. These writers would be more helpful if they admitted that God's plan provides for our making requests for everyday needs.

Ann Harrigan at Chicago's Friendship House and I were looking for a book in the F. H. library when this subject was thrown into the conversational hopper. "Why,"

she demanded, "don't you write a piece about prayer and particularly about the kind of prayer so many of us address to Bl. Martin?"

"You mean the walkie-talkie prayer?"

"Yes, you know the kind: 'Martin, I'm in a heck of a jam, and if I don't get \$5.13 in on the next mail, the big bad wolf is going to be here on 43rd Street, and I don't mean maybe, Brother; I mean you'd better get it.'"

To make a short story a little longer, Ann touched my heart, and here I am writing that piece. To resume our topic under discussion, however, we had better establish the fact that Our Lord gives his approval to our requests for temporal favors. For example, one of our greatest saints, the incredible St. Therese, on her death bed, unable to move, lost her handkerchief, and she prays to the finder of lost things, St. Anthony. Alas, he didn't see fit to find it. "Ah," mourned her grief-stricken sister, Pauline, "even your saints have deserted you."

THAT'S case No. 1. No. 2 is the marriage feast at Cana. Can you imagine a more homely, a more mundane setting. The wine was running out. I've been on parties when the beer ran low. No pious atmosphere—nor sinful one either—just ordinary, everyday stuff. The host would be embarrassed, but Our Lady would not have it, and upon her request Our Lord said, "My time is not yet come," but she with that magnificent faith, what does she do? In her sweet imperious way tells the waiters to follow His instructions. And there was wine.

The Scriptures are filled with in-

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**HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS**

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**Catholic Schools—Please Copy**

In a recent mail, from the Catholic School of Evansville, Indiana, came a letter addressed to the parents of its pupils. But to us it was more than just "a letter," it was a Catholic Manifesto courageously expressed, fearlessly carried out. We salute the Reitz Memorial High School... and thank Rev. Monsignor Frederic Ketter, Rev. Patrick Kilfoil and the school board members... theirs is a fearless, uncompromising stand in a controversial question... that really is not controversial at all. **FOR CATHOLICS CANNOT TAKE ANY OTHER STAND.** Alas, some do, even yet. We, therefore, gladly relinquish our editorial space, to give our readers the benefit of this magnificent document.

C. de Hueck.

Dear Parents:

Because of the hundreds of rumors current in Evansville concerning what is or is not going to happen at Memorial next September it is felt that a letter relating the truth or untruth of these rumors will not be out of place.

It must be remembered that while Memorial has a vast number of friends in the city, the school also has a few enemies who would like nothing better than to see the school suffer, and who will leave nothing undone to attain that end. Such people are at the present time conducting a whispering campaign concerning the seriousness of the so-called "colored problem" that is to arise, and of the terrible consequences that are to follow. To hear them talk one would believe that the school and all that it stands for are as good as finished.

Many parents are becoming unnecessarily worried and are demanding to know if it is true that Memorial will be opened to the colored children this Fall. In accordance with the wishes of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Bishop of the diocese, colored children will be admitted to Memorial provided they are:

- (1) Catholic.
- (2) Graduates of the St. John grade school.
- (3) Are qualified according to the established standards of the school.

There are six graduates (4 boys and 2 girls) of St. John school who are so qualified to enter the Freshman class at Memorial. Whether they will do so or not remains for them to decide. No colored child who is not a Catholic and a graduate of the Catholic grammar school will gain entry to Memorial.

This announcement will cause the wagging of many tongues and the shaking of many heads. Some

will go further and give expression to all the pent up dislikes, antipathies and hates that they bear towards their colored brethren. Some will declare, as we have heard them declare, that no child of theirs will ever attend school with a colored child.

The people of this community, even a number of our Catholic people, have been taught over a period of years to look down upon the colored people, to despise and hate them, or even to consider them as something less than human. This is direct opposition, of course, to the well-established principles of the Church, principles which teach us that in the sight of Almighty God there is no distinction because of the color of the skin. As citizens of the United States we profess that "all men are created equal." In time of war we do not exempt colored boys from the dangers of armed conflict; in the collection of taxes we grant the colored people no exemption. Be that as it may, we are not pleading for the rights of our colored children as citizens; we are appealing for the granting of their rights as Catholics. They are in desperate need of a more intimate knowledge of God, a knowledge that can be obtained only in a Catholic school.

Chief among the objections which have been raised by parents might be listed the following:

(1)—Why haven't we been told about this before? Why were we not consulted on the matter? The coming of the colored boys and girls to Memorial is not something that has happened overnight. It has been in the making for many years. When three years ago St. John's Church was built and the parochial school opened it was decided to start the school with only six grades, the first six, so that there would be a period of at least three years to prepare the first class of graduates for entry into the Catholic high school. The boys and girls who have graduated this June are those who have successfully and satisfactorily passed all tests put to them. They are scholastically and culturally qualified to enter the Catholic high school.

The decision of the Most Reverend Bishop to admit colored boys and girls to Memorial is not a personal decision of his, but one that is in agreement with and according to the principles of Catholicism. So far as he and his diocesan advisors are concerned the course of action was laid out for them when they decided to open the parochial school for the colored. Entry into a Catholic high school is but another step in the process of Catholic education. The Most Reverend Bishop can no more say, "Eight grades and no farther," when it comes to the religious education of a Catholic whose skin is colored than he can to a Catholic whose skin is white. White or black, Holy Scripture makes no distinction when it states: "God wills that all men be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth."

(2)—Evansville is too far South for this sort of thing. Moral principles are not regulated according to geographical position. What is right or wrong in the North is right or wrong in the South, East, or West. The Church does not have different laws for people living on opposite banks of a river. It does not seem logical for parents to object to their chil-

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# Catholic Schools, Please Copy

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dren attending school with colored children in Evansville and then send their children to state universities where they must necessarily attend class with the colored. If it is wrong in Evansville, then it should be wrong elsewhere. One of the most famous football players in the history of Evansville, a graduate of Memorial, attended a state university with colored boys and girls, played on the same team with and consequently had close personal contact with at least three colored boys, and no one of this community raised any objections.

(3)—The colored children can go to Lincoln High School and still receive enough religious education. Then why have any Catholic high schools? To make this statement is the same as saying that we are all fools to support Catholic high schools, that the Church authorities do not know what they are about when they insist on the establishment of such schools. We know full well that our Catholic children can never be trained for eternity in non-Catholic schools. Catholic colored children are also facing eternity. They want to save their souls, and—what is more important—God wants them saved.

(4)—The other schools of the city do not accept colored students. The other schools of the city are not Catholic. We, as Catholics, do not put ourselves on the same plane with other people. We are different. We must be different if we expect to save our souls. Christ was different. The early Christians were different. The saints were different. They suffered because of their difference, but they were sustained in their suffering because they knew they were right. They are now enjoying a reward beyond our comprehension because they recognized righteousness and had the courage to uphold the principles in which they believed. In the matter of Catholic education we do not follow the lead of others. We are not concerned with what other schools do. We are definitely concerned with having our school do what is right.

(5)—Such a policy will eventu-

ally lead to race riots in the city. On the contrary! Race riots are brought on by **misunderstandings**, by one group feeling that it is being exploited by another. How can the colored people feel that they are being unjustly restricted when it is demonstrated that at least the Catholic Church understands their problems and is willing to assist as far as she can possibly do so? Surely the white people of Evansville will not feel that they are being exploited in granting the few Catholic colored chil-



dren an opportunity to learn more about God. Such a policy on our part will result in a sound respect for the admiration of the Church and her teachings on the part of the colored people of the community, a respect and admiration that will be very sorely needed in the days that follow the war.

Believe us when we say that no one is more seriously interested in the welfare of your children than are the Most Reverend Bishop, the priests of the community, the men and women who teach at Me-

morial. They have consecrated their lives to God in an honest effort to save souls—in this case the souls of your children. You may be certain that none of these people would ask you or your children to do anything that would injure you or them in any way, physically, morally or intellectually. You are asked to place your confidence and trust in the faculty of Memorial and their efforts to carry out the will of Almighty God. You are asked to give your whole-hearted support to the Bishop of the diocese who is the representative of God. God loves your children far more than do you. He will see to it that no harm comes to them through doing what is right.

Our fears are not expressed for the future well-being of Memorial High School but rather for the future well-being of those parents who will have the temerity to remove their children from the school. We believe that God, in His goodness, will see to it that Memorial continues to increase and prosper. He has been exceedingly good to Memorial in the past. He will not be less generous when the school is attempting to carry out His divine will, to afford an opportunity for learning concerning Him to those poor souls who would otherwise be neglected. So dear is the colored question to the heart of the Holy Father that he has extended a very special blessing on this work as a pledge of a greater blessing of God. "We confess that we feel a special paternal affection, which is certainly inspired of heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you in the United States; for in the field of religion and education we know that they need special care and comfort and are very deserving of it. We, therefore, invoke an abundance of heavenly blessing and we pray fruitful success for those whose generous zeal is devoted to their welfare."—Pius XII.

On the other hand, we believe that the hand of God will rest heavily on those who attempt to defy Him. The souls of children are very precious in the eyes of

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# Around the House

ANN HARRIGAN

*What Think Ye of the Darker Races?—A Key to the Post-War World*

A SISTER SUPERIOR of a high school in the midwest visiting us recently brought up questions that become more and more frequent from Catholic teachers and having been once a member of this worthy profession myself, I waxed enthusiastic.

What are we doing to educate our children to the No. 1 problem in America today—the facts about the Race Question, especially in regard to the Negro? How much do we teachers know about it ourselves? Where can we learn? What books should we read? What courses are available for teachers? What courses should be given to our students?

I gave Sister a reading list we have mimeographed, containing about 20 titles and authors which provide a very good start on the background and the facts.

Books like "Fire on the Earth," by Dr. P. H. Fursey; "Personalist Manifesto," by Mounier; "Christ Our Brother," by Adam, plus the Pope's Encyclical on the **Mystical Body of Christ**, and most important, a close and loving study of the **New Testament**, typify the Catholic approach to this question.

"The Race Question and the Negro" is the fruit of over 25 years of interracial labors by the pioneer priest in the field, Rev. John La Farge, S. J.—and the best book available for both theory and practice. A scholarly, thorough, but not entirely Catholic study, is Gunnar Myrdel's "The American Dilemma."

**FOR STUDENTS:** Why not form a club to study the heracy of Racism?—or include this subject in a club already formed, such as Catholic Action, Interracial Problems, Sodality, Sociology, etc? Have special reports, papers, discussions, open forums. Give plays and skits dramatizing the unity of all races and colors in Christ, such as Providence High School in Chicago has given for the past several years. Invite guest speakers who know this question. Learn more about the Negro population of your parish or school.

**FOR TEACHERS:** Inquire at your nearest college what courses on interracial subjects are being given. Request courses like: **Interracial Problems, The Mystical Body & Race, The Negro in America, How Racism Affects Catholics, The Catholic Church and the Negro**, etc. See that there is an interracial committee or representation at all teachers' conferences. Encourage students to become interested and participate. Encourage teachers likewise, for the need of teachers to take a simple, Christ-like stand is great if they would retain their ability to influence young people. Secure Mrs. Morgan's History Syllabi from the Board of Education, Chicago.

Even the older generation—parents, alumni, relatives, friends expect teachers to "know the answers."

In the position of imparting guidance and knowledge to young and old alike, none has so enviable and honorable a record as the teacher in a Catholic

school...none, too, with such potentialities...and few, likewise, with so much to answer for, before God.

Everyone recognizes today that this is a question of enlightened self-interest. But more, far more than this, it is a moral problem crying to heaven for justice...or vengeance.

Yes, Teachers...you have the key. In your hands it lies only waiting to open to the real Christian answer. For one thing is certain: only to the extent that we Catholics hew to the simple, radical line of the social gospel of Jesus Christ, especially as regards races, will we have a real chance to assist in the birth of the new world that is coming.

## Simple Truths

God created man in His image

God is a Spirit

The soul of man is the image of God.

Bodies were made from the dust of the earth

God breathed His spirit into every man

All men have the dignity of God in their souls.

The people of the earth are of many colors

Color is a small thing for only bodies are colored

Souls do not know color.

At death, bodies wither and decay

While the soul lives on forever

Thus, how foolish is color prejudice.

The law of love is this:

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" and "You cannot love God and despise your neighbor."

All the men of the earth are our neighbors

We must see Christ in all men

Be they black, brown, red or yellow.

For we are all destined for eternal life

As we are brothers in the Redeemer, Christ

And are children of one father, God!

Betty Hatting.



## A Leg To Stand On

"THE most wonderful thing has happened, Virginia has left the convent."

With these startling words Bill, of the Friendship House staff, burst into the library. Virginia had been his girl, and now she was ~~his~~ girl once more. After a few moments the big question mark that immediately had popped in my mind disappeared. Bill was rejoicing, not because Virginia had lost her vocation, but because ~~she~~ had found her true vocation.

With that episode I was introduced to the real, tangible, human Friendship House that I was afraid I wouldn't find because of the superhuman (because it is supernatural) work that it has accomplished. I discovered later that something very wonderful did happen while I was at Friendship House, and without any warning, it happened to me.

I came to Friendship House because the three-legged stool I was making needed a stronger leg to stand on. It was a symbolic sort of stool, but even a symbol needs something to stand on, and mine was trying to stand on two legs.

**THE** Negro must be recognized as my equal for three reasons, which I have compared to the legs of a three-legged stool.

(1) The Negro is a human being. His anatomy proves him a part of the brotherhood of man.

(2) He is an American. His native birth entitles him to a part of the brotherhood of the state.

(3) He is a member of the Mystical Body of Christ. His soul proves him a part of the brotherhood of Christ.

These things I have always believed, but I wanted to prove all these things to myself by personal



first-hand contact with the Negro. I needed a firm leg to stand on. And so I went to Friendship House.

The two weeks that I have spent at Friendship House mean more to me than many weeks elsewhere. Meeting the Baroness and her husband, Eddie Doherty, was a singular privilege. Attending the Summer School of Catholic Action was something greatly to be treasured. But more than all else, I derived my greatest profit and joy from those precious hours in which I was privileged to work side by side with those who put action into Catholic Action, realizing that "where there is life, there must be action; and where there is Catholic life, there must be Catholic Action."

Although Blessed Grignon says that "it is difficult to persevere in justice because of the strange corruption of the world," Scripture answers, "In the path of justice is life, but the by-way leadeth to death." (Proverbs 12-28). Friendship House has given me a leg to stand on and a staff with which to walk the path of justice. And justice without interracial justice isn't justice at all.

ADOLPH SCHALK.

## Flashes From the Speeches At SSCA on the Race Panel

- (1) Let us get acquainted with intelligent Negroes and encourage them in their various professions.
- (2) We can ask radio stations and newspapers to give the Negroes a break.
- (3) We can learn the Negro's side by reading his newspapers, and there are plenty of them if you look around.
- (4) We can pay equal and just wages to Negro workers.
- (5) We can teach the social doctrine of the Church in action rather than by speaking when we include the Negroes in our social life, invite them to our activities, bring them into our own society, and refuse to patronize places where segregation is practiced.

The communists do these things from a purely natural motive. Let us Catholics and members of the Mystical Body of Christ do it from both a natural and supernatural motive."

Bill Flynn.

## FH Meets the School of Catholic Action

TENA ROSEMAN

It was a great night and lots of fun for the staff and volunteers at F. H., for Christ in the Summer School of Catholic Action came down to the southside to hear Eddie Doherty discuss his books and writings and the inspiration behind them.

A popular man, this Eddie! Nearly 300 delegates and visitors from New York to San Francisco and from Canada to New Orleans jammed themselves in the two little store fronts on 43d Street. They started coming in at 6 o'clock—priests, nuns, brothers, seminarians, college and high school kids in a seemingly never-ending stream, and by 7:30 all available seating space was occupied, including the benches from the Casita, the show windows, tables, the floor—everything except the kitchen stove—there was a crowd!

When it was made known that Eddie would speak from 8 to 8:45 and that from then on the "B" would take over, someone behind me said, "Feature hearing Mr. Doherty and the Baroness at the same time. What could be more fortunate?"

Meanwhile, the volunteers and staff members were engaged in answering questions and explaining the varied aspects of F. H.—interracial activity, personal sanctity, the outer circle, Eddie's books, Ann's absence, the "B's" nationality, etc. How often Teevy was asked the number of meals served daily, and to whom, and if Blessed Martin really provided the food. One very serious-looking blonde mademoiselle cornered me and asked in a mysterious whisper, "Tell me quick, who run's F.H.?" and when I told her the Holy Ghost, she backed off and smiled as if to say, "Sister, you're in the wrong institution."

Eddie opened his discourse with a few preliminary jokes, typically Irish, then proceeded to discuss his literary works, among which was "The Splendor of Sorrow," dealing at length with Blessed Martin and God. Enthralled, the audience listened to every word and expressed their deep appreciation by prolonged applause.

Then the "B" took the floor and began expounding the urgent need for interracial justice while Joe, Bill, Marcella and Paul escorted the overflow of the crowd through the alley and Blanche and Marge ushered them in through the kitchen door. High above the din of voices in the kitchen a few snatches of the "B's" speech could be heard—"What the Negro wants is an equal opportunity for economic security." One unfortunate miss fell over the block for propping up the door, but the "B's" dynamic personality held them so spellbound as her words came over—"The Negro is **not** interested in marrying white women"—and except for a few of us near the door the girl went unnoticed.

But still they continued to come. Bill was back again shepherding in about 30, six of them nuns. The kitchen crowd parted to make way to get a glimpse of the library. "Ah's," "my's" and "gee's" were heard all around the house. "Isn't she wonderful?" "Is that Ann Harrigan?" whispered a late-comer. "No, that's the Baroness de Hueck," proudly responded the young seminarian behind her. Above these whispers came the voice again—"You are afraid to come to the Southside. Do you not know that Christ is in the Negro, too?"

By this time it seemed all had caught the FH spirit and Christ was, oh, so visible. Everyone was beaming with the thoughts that indeed "He" is in us. That light of common identity shone from the eyes of all who greeted us; and I, being filled with the thoughts of God's indwelling, mingled with those of justice, suddenly felt a yearning to leave FH—just to be alone with God. But again that Russian voice came over to us—"It was nice knowing you, Lord, so long." This bestirred my thoughts and also reminded me that the "B" was concluding her talk and that it was time to help Teevy with the punch.

The crowd, eager for information about FH, lingered long after the speeches were over and the punch was gone—some in the Casita, others in the library—yes, it was certainly a great night and lots of fun.

## The Baroness Jots It Down

**T**HE other day, sitting in Church, the idea came to me that not enough has been written by me about the Outer Circle of Friendship House. True I have inserted a little notice to Chicagoans that the meetings of the O. C. of FH., started Friday, the 22nd of September, at 8 p.m., in the Holy Name Cathedral Library, 3 East Chicago Avenue. All are welcome.

I have also mentioned that in New York City the same type of gatherings are held semi-monthly on Sunday evenings at 7:30. (Call AU 3-4892 for dates and place.)

But that leaves a lot of our friends out, who live neither in Chicago nor New York City, but are located in every State of the Union and Canada; to them this is addressed. Please write to me—Baroness Catherine de Hueck (or Mrs. Eddie Doherty) at 8 West Walton Pl., Chicago (10) Ill., and give me your name and address, requesting a membership in the FH.O.C. You will receive a membership card, and a monthly letter, which will be a condensed version of our Friday discussions. Thus you will be in on them in spirit, as it were.

Also please feel free to write to me about any problems, ideas, suggestions on the Lay Apostolate that you might want or have. We have a wonderful panel of Priests, whom we can consult. Also if anyone IS interested in starting a Discussion Club on the same lines as those of Friendship House Outer Circle we will be glad to help you to do so.

**F**ROM the future 49th State of the Union, Alaska, comes a heart-rending appeal for help from Rev. Father Levasseur, St. Terese's Mission, St. Terese, Alaska. He needs money badly for his Indian Children and for a Retreat House. **THIS IS MISSION MONTH AND IN THE MISSION FIELD AMERICA IS THE HOPE OF THE**

### WORLD. HOW ABOUT STARTING WITH OUR OWN?

\* \* \*

**F**RRIENDSHIP House, Chicago, is starting a hobby program for its Staff Workers—the kids need some relaxation. How about sending Betty and Ann your old cameras; they want to be photographers. Oilcloth is needed by others, your old ones, to make animals out of it, for Christmas gifts to our kids. Books on American flowers and old collections of same are welcomed too; one of the Staffers is going to take them up as a hobby. Books on music and music sheets of folksongs of all nations are much hoped for—they plan folk dancing, music appreciation and sing-song.

\* \* \*

**F**RRIENDSHIP House, New York City (34 West 135th St.) is still (and always will be, I guess), in need of clothing for kids—layettes for babies—the birth rate is up with the war. All kinds of handicraft materials—good Catholic books—medals and rosaries.

\* \* \*

**U**NLESS something unforeseen happens I plan to be in New York City Friendship House the first week of October. It will be nice to see familiar faces and places.

## Lights and Shadows

(Continued from page 1)

—whom we shall not soon forget. He was 22 or 23, an ordinary young man in khaki, tall, dark and not exactly handsome. A tough guy.

We noticed him as he came from the Communion rail, noticed first the silver wings spread over the row of ribbons on his tunic. That boy had fought many times in the skies, and was probably home on leave. Perhaps those people with him were his kindred, and the girl was the one he was going to marry.

A fish in the air and a boy in the skies—which, we wondered, had tasted more acutely of fear, which had drunk more deeply of danger? Idle thoughts at such a moment, we confess.

**W**E looked above the martial ribbons and the silver wings, and into the eyes of the hero. They were smiling. They were beautiful beyond all thought of beauty!

The loveliness of the lake, and the woods, and the fields, and all the creatures in them, is a loveliness conferred by God. Yet there was more beauty and glory and joy in that fighting man's two eyes than in all the world—for it was God Himself, we saw, in their shining blue, God who had been placed on the boy's tongue by the venerable priest but a moment or two ago. Beauty Infinite, the creator of all beauty!

We knelt in our pews a long time after Mass had finished, silent, stirred beyond all telling and somewhat envious, it must be acknowledged, of the boy who had received the Body and Blood of Our Lord with such intense and holy joy!

## Friendship House Lecture Bureau

Bookings Open For:

AUTUMN—1944

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## Catholic Schools, Please Copy

(Continued from page 3)

Almighty God. He will not stand for them to be trifled with. The high school age provides the most formative period of their lives. It is during this time that they most need the wise counsel and teaching of the Church; it is during this time that their future lives can be shaped by those who know how to form them according to the teachings of Christ. To remove Catholic children from a Catholic school and place them in non-religious institutions of learning is nothing less than criminal. Parents who are contemplating such action are bound to consult and receive the consent of their pastor before so doing. Needless to say, if their dislike of the colored children is the sole cause of their proposed action they will receive but little sympathy from the pastor.

This is not a matter of likes and dislikes, of prejudices, of hates and bigotries, of deep-rooted aversions and misunderstandings; this is not a matter where a parent can do as he or she likes with regard to the education of the child—this is a matter of conscience. And while parents are forming their consciences they are to remember that some day they must appear before the judgment seat of God to give an account of the care they have taken of their children, the opportunities they have afforded their children to save their souls. God is, above all, a just God. Parents cannot at that time tell Him that their children were denied a full opportunity to save their souls because they had an aversion to seeing their offspring sit in the same classroom with a person whose skin was of a different color than their own. It may well be that God will be forced to tell such parents that, in that case, perhaps it will be best for them not to enter Heaven because in the Eternal Kingdom of God they will be forced to abide for all eternity with men and women whose skins are black, brown, yellow and red; men and women whom God created after His own image and likeness, men and women for whom our Divine Saviour paid a terrible price on Good Friday afternoon because He loved them as much as He loves us.

We have a wisdom which is wiser than the prudence of this world—the folly of the Cross. Let us, therefore, commit ourselves to a program of Catholic social action which is frankly unwise, incautious and imprudent by the standards of this world. Let us dare to take Christ literally. Then we shall begin to be great. Let us merit the hatred of the world and of worldly Catholics by advocating full educational equality for the colored Catholics. If we are too prudent, too cautious, in a word, too cowardly to do so, then we certainly have no serious belief in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Sincerely yours,  
THE SCHOOL BOARD OF REITZ  
MEMORIAL CATHOLIC HIGH  
SCHOOL

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frederick Ketter,  
President  
Rev. Patrick Kilfoil,  
Superintendent

### Give Me Souls

He didn't make black souls,  
Didn't make white souls,  
Didn't make yellow nor brown,  
And he died for the black souls,  
The yellow and the brown souls,  
This God of the Thorny Crown.  
He's the God of the white child,  
The God of the black child,  
The crippled, the halt, and the lame,  
And he'll answer the yellow child,  
Answer the brown child,  
Whenever they breathe his name!

He didn't die for white souls,  
Didn't die for black souls,  
All the children of men are His love,  
And there won't be any yellow souls,  
Won't be any brown souls,  
In His home and His Kingdom above.  
You haven't got a yellow soul,  
Haven't got a brown soul,  
Though the east or the west be your home,  
You haven't got a white soul,  
You haven't got a black soul,  
But a soul that He made like His own!

## BOOK REVIEW

By Catherine de Hueck  
**WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER**, by Raissa Maritain,  
Longman Green & Co. 2.50.

PARIS is free again. Soon the City of Light will be alight with a myriad of lights, that will banish the darkness of night.

But Paris never has or could be blacked out. Always it has shed its light into the darkness. True, not all saw it, for some walk in darkness and call it light. But to those who saw, the road of life became clearer—the goal nearer—the way easier. For Paris is the City of Saints and Scholars. Her's is the light of souls and minds.

One of the rays of that light has crossed the seas again and comes to us in the form of a book—written by the wife of a French philosopher, herself luminous. Raissa Maritain.

"We Have Been Friends Together" is a biographical book. But it is more. It is a spiritual search of two great souls for Truth—against the tortured scene of pre-war France. Through it march its giants of soul and intellect—Peguy, Leon Bloy, and many others.

To us in America who stand overjoyed at France's liberation, and yet hold our breaths as to its final outcome, Mrs. Maritain's book will be a key that will open the hidden soul of eternal France. Why be keyless before one of the most glorious doors of the world?

Applying fundamental doctrine, we must concede that the natural rights of the Negro are identical in number and sacredness with the rights of white persons. Natural rights are rooted, not upon membership in one nation or upon membership in the white race, but upon the sacredness which the individual enjoys because of his eternal destiny. *The Negro must be considered human first, and racial afterwards.*

Rev. F. J. Gilligan, S.T.D.

## Talking To Martin

(Continued from page 1)

stances of prayer for temporal favors and the granting of those prayers. Our hundreds of shrines with their ex voto offerings bear testimony to the favor Heaven has bestowed on such requests. It is well for us if we don't stop asking when we get that job or rent that room. The spiritual writers do have something.

**T**ALKING to Bl. Martin, as do those who know him well, is an unusual method of prayer. It is a prayer of petition, highly individualized, and, consequently, mental prayer in many instances. The superiority of mental over vocal prayer need not be discussed here. Most novena prayers are vocal. When we talk to Bl. Martin, we really raise our minds and our hearts; we do not recite formulas.

The church approves of vocal prayer; the Divine office is an example of this prayer in its highest form; yet, mental prayer is essential for spiritual progress, and in our conferences with Bl. Martin we get excellent practice in the science of prayer. In Chicago many churches conduct the novena to Our Sorrowful Mother. Many years ago I found that meditations on the seven sorrows of Mary were most consoling, but in attending the novena devotions, I find the ready-made formulas insipid. They are beautiful prayers, flavored with the meditations of Mary's valiant lover, St. Alphonsus. I like my own unbeautiful ideas better. I want to do my own talking to Our Lady. That's why I love Bl. Martin. I know of no other saint whom I would dare to address as I do him.

His friends talk up to him, upbraid him at times, treat him as one of the family. He loves it. In three hundred years of Heaven he has not changed. I have heard of nuns who are familiar in this way with St. Joseph. They say with beautiful irony of their patron, "St. Joseph is slow pay." I've heard of nuns threatening to put his statue out in the snow if he didn't produce quickly. I pray to him daily; his statue looks down on me each morning, and his is the last face I see going to sleep; yet I'd hesitate

to upbraid him as I do my friend, Martin. Martin loves it.

**T**HERE'S Nellie for example. Nellie says of Martin quite simply, "I don't like him." Last summer I fell ill. At St. Elizabeth's hospital, where by the way Father Georges, the boss-man of the Martin movement, tells me a great friend of the Blessed lives, there's a statue of Martin. At a time when things looked not so good for me, Nellie indignantly came to this statue and, stamping her foot, demanded, "What do you mean by letting this thing happen to him after he has spent his time going about talking before Holy Name groups and writing about you?" Yes, Nellie dislikes Martin. That's probably why I find her so frequently before his statue at St. Pius church. That probably is why we have a statue of him in our living room. I assure you I didn't put it there.

We love him so much that we quarrel with him, as Nellie does. He loves us so much that he sends

us heavy crosses. His two friends, Catherine and Eddie Doherty, ought to be exempt from socks on the jaw, or, as in the case of the Baroness, kicks in the shin by some evil bug, but his friends get a double share of crosses, and for this favor he teaches them to be even more grateful than when he heeds their urgent prayers for help in difficulties. He gets cabs for Eddie Doherty, and then to show him he appreciates Eddie's talks and writings he sends to Catherine Doherty a painful illness. Talk to him if you want to. You do so at your peril. You will get what you ask for—and more too, if you know what I mean.

## Singing Souls

By Margaret Nickerson Martin

Two hundred years of slavery chains

Could not stamp out the haunting strains

Of heartbreak chanted, injustice done

Of spirits crushed beneath the sun.

Africa's sons . . . betrayed for gold.  
They sold themselves, who slavery sold

Who forged the chains around your feet

Did in your stature, equal meet.

The voice to sing was given you  
When nights were dark, to guide you through;

And though the gift was bought with tears

Your souls came singing down the years.

Now, whenever I hear you sing  
I think of God as listening.

For He must hear and marvel, too  
How hearts so wronged can sing so true.



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